

\$500
IN PRIZES.

The Girl in Blue.

A Prince Charming Romance of
Business Girl Life in New York.
BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Hilda Gilchrist, a stenographer, is engaged to Jack Bruce, a law clerk. Her late uncle, whose sole heiress she is, was recently rich. Hyde Clayton, Hilda's employer, is anxious to marry her in order to find some clue to this uncle's estate. Clayton's henchman, Ezra Raynor, offers to help his master in finding the fortune. Hilda discovers in a strong box of her uncle's an apparently blank sheet of paper. On this paper words and figures are treated in sympathetic ink. A cryptogram is thus formed, which, by an easy method they translate. It contains directions to the whereabouts of the fortune. Clayton and Raynor gain access to the safe-deposit vault, where they believe the fortune is kept. They are interrupted by Harry Furlong, an employee of the Safe-Deposit Company.

CHAPTER X.

One Wasted Crime and Another.

"DON'T shoot!" whispered Clayton, as Ezra drew his revolver; "these vaults aren't sound proof and we'll have the police catching us like rats in a trap. Cold steel is the thing. But stun him instead if you can."

It was a strange picture that the one flickering gas jet disclosed: The low-ceilinged, stone-floored room, the dim corners and gloomy walls seeming alive with lurking shapes; the pale, furious man charging empty-handed on the two white-masked robbers, the faint glitter of steel in Raynor's hand.

Taking no heed of Ezra, who stood somewhat in the background, Furlong rushed at Clayton and aimed a furious blow for his masked face. Clayton blocked the blow and, relying on his great strength and weight, closed with his lighter opponent. He found himself in a grip of steel.

Back and forth the fighters reeled, now circling in the center of the room, now cornering off the walls. And ever about them crept Raynor, knife in hand, ready to put a sudden and fatal end to the combat the moment they should remain stationary long enough for his knife to strike a vital spot.

Through a mist of red, Clayton caught one glimpse of his alert henchman. "Don't stab," he panted. "He doesn't recognize us. A blow on the head from your pistol butt will do the trick."

Dimly Furlong caught the import of the words. He had just succeeded in gaining the old-fashioned "underhold," and with both arms twined about the small of Clayton's back and his chin buried in the hollow between Clayton's shoulder and collarbone, was forcing his face gradually back until the latter's spine threatened to snap.

As the sense of Clayton's speech slowly began to penetrate Furlong's slow-working brain he withdrew one

of his arms and, before Clayton could guess his purpose, snatched off the handkerchief mask.

As he did so he released his grip through sheer surprise, and staggered back a step.

"Mr. Clayton!" he panted amazedly. "Mr. Clayton, the lawyer—a common bank robber!"

"We must kill him," said Hyde calmly. "We can't let him live with that knowledge. Take him, Ezra."

He spoke as if urging a dog on to attack. And, obedient as a dog, Ezra Raynor, snarling with hate and rage, flung himself, knife in hand, on Furlong.

What followed is neither pleasant nor profitable to describe.

When Ezra had wiped his knife clean of the dead man's blood he did not put the weapon back in its sheath or in the inner pocket whence he had taken it.

With a covert glance at Clayton he thrust the knife into his breast pocket whence it could more readily be drawn.

It was no part of Ezra's plan that he and Hyde Clayton should share equally (according to their agreement) in whatever treasure the strong-box might contain.

He intended, as he and Muriel had planned, to stick to Clayton as long as the latter could be of use to him and then to throw him over. The particular form of "throwing him over," which now suggested itself to Ezra's mind, was to stab him to death and leave his body beside Furlong's, a knife in the hand of each. In the morning it would be supposed that each of the two victims had killed the other.

But a cool, calculating element in his nature led the murderer to defer the second crime until he might determine whether the contents of the box warranted such exertion.

It is even to be feared that his promise to share his gains with Muriel did not enter largely into his calculations. Wealth and freedom, he argued, were infinitely preferable to half that wealth and the encumbrance of a shrewish woman for whom he did not care.

"Come!" exclaimed Clayton, snatching off the sick horror that the scene he had just witnessed had cast over him. "Let's get at the box and begone. It isn't theft, but murder, we must answer for it when caught now."

Taking out a chisel, he set furiously to work on the box that he had hauled out under the gas jet.

Hand in breast pocket, Ezra Raynor stood behind him watching over Hyde's

shoulder for the opening of the box. A cello and the out-of-date lock snapped.

Raynor bent nearer, half drawing the knife as Clayton threw back the lid of the box.

Then with a grim chuckle of disgust he let the weapon slip back into his pocket and rose to his full height. "I guess this comes under the category of 'Wasted Crimes,' he growled.

"Empty!" groaned Clayton.

"Not quite," cried Ezra optimistically. "What?" exclaimed Hyde, a new hope in his tone, and peering again into the dim recesses of the box; "not empty?"

"No," answered Ezra. "I see quite a

liberty, our lives," with a shuddering glance at the huddled heap on the stone floor from which a trickle of blood was beginning to spread into a dark pool. "We've staked them against Nothing! Come away!"

On the following morning Clayton and Ezra Raynor were at their desks on time and the manner of neither betrayed any effects of the previous night's horror.

"A nice bungle you both made of it!" sneered Muriel, when in Clayton's private office she heard the result of the attempted robbery.

"We played the best we could, con-

UNMASKED.



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sidering the cards we held," replied Raynor sullenly. "What a joker old March must have been to lead his niece by means of a cipher to an empty treasure chest now."

"Empty!" echoed Muriel. "You ninnies! Don't you see the point of the situation even yet? The Gilchrist girl was ahead of you! She went there as soon as she read the cipher and she got out all the money or whatever the box held. That's why you found nothing."

"Whatever she found," said Clayton suddenly, "she couldn't have gotten the whole fortune or she'd never have kept on working here. The box probably held some sort of memoranda telling where the fortune really was. She can't have gotten it yet. What we must do is to track her wherever she goes. She'll lead us to the money. Is she at work this morning?"

flush of rage to Clayton's face. "I may as well tell you, Muriel," he said, spitefully, "that I still mean to marry her. Now that you're married."

no more thermometers of the country's condition than a high collar and a white tie represent the gospel of Christ. When pinched they howl and are astonished to see that America does not squirm. They are no more creative than a faro bank. In a way they are showed, but are ignorant of the great humane purposes of this nation. In the past they have frightened political parties and even Presidents, but their days as an advisory or threatening political factor is passing."

In Wall street there is a poetic spot. One would as much expect to find a flower blooming fragrant in Hades as an oasis in Wall street, but it is there, and about it are clustered the tender memories of a home long ago. In the office of Nevada Stranahan, Collector of the Port, there burned a fire of hickory logs. Spacious the fireplace, broad the hearth, with embers slowly falling, how dear a recollection mounted with the flame. The towering buildings made twilight in the room, early morning, one could fancy, and the children of the past came gleefully to take down their Christmas stockings. Out of the years fond faces arose, old faces, wrinkled with care, but bright on this Christmas morning. The boughs of the old apple tree waved at the window, and out across the lane where the snow birds twittered on the fence lay the farm, cleared by brave and sturdy hands so many years ago.

A sister's laugh, a brother's romping joy! Some one left the door open and the dogs ran in to sniff at the fire and to frisk, and about old Rover's neck a happy toddler threw his dimpled arms. Sleigh bells tinkled, and from the roadway came the neighbor's lusty cry, "Christmas gifts!" and back with the music of the bells floated the words, "And God bless you!" Misty the picture grew—those dimpled arms so long hidden by the stone; and in at the window came a roar and on the air was the cry of human greed. Again it was Wall street.

The next prize story will be "The Girl in Green," which will begin in The Evening World of Monday, Jan. 4. Five hundred dollars in prizes.

100 PRIZES. XMAS PUZZLES. ALL XMAS WEEK. In THE EVENING WORLD

MORGAN'S RIVAL. J. Pierpont Morgan's great rival in the iron world is Miss Antonietta Bertha Krupp, heiress to the great Krupp Gun and Iron Works in Germany. Miss Krupp probably is the richest young woman in Europe. She is the elder of the two daughters of the late Baron Alfred Krupp. His last will and testament made her heiress to all his millions, including the gun works at Essen, the ship works and wharves at Kiel and all his iron ore and coal mines in Westphalia and in Spain. Conservative estimates make the value of this great property at least \$75,000,000. When Miss Krupp becomes of age all this wealth will become hers absolutely. She is nineteen years old.

WOMAN'S UNHAPPY LOT. Since the world began it has been the custom of man to hold woman responsible for all his misfortunes and at the same time to accuse her of absolute irresponsibility.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

BEFORE AND AFTER. "I have seen some men," said Uncle Eben, "that would lose any amount of sleep serenading a gal, an' den refuse to get up early in the mornin' to get a first day's married."—Washington Star.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

LINCOLN'S SCHOOLMATE. J. W. Lamar, who claimed to be the last surviving schoolmate of Abraham Lincoln, is dead at Buffalo, Ind., aged eighty-five.

Brooklyn Amusements. COL. SINN'S MONTAUK MATINEES. FAY TEMPLETON IN THE RUNAWAYS. SUNDAY WORLD WANTS WORK. MONDAY MORNING WONDER.

AMUSEMENTS. PROCTOR'S To-day, 25c., 50c. To-night, Res. 75c. 230 St. (East Vaude. ADONIS PRIO (J. J. JOHNSON) Written and Dolly Special attraction—Picky Dicky 25 others. A Monocle, winners of 10-day race. 5th Ave. "What Happened to Jones." 58th St. Her First False Step. A Wholesome. 125th St. ALABAMA. The Stock Cast. Big Vaudeville. RESERVATION IN SALE IN ADVANCE. BOX OFFICE OPEN 9:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

NEW AMSTERDAM Theatre, Broadway, 42nd St. EVENINGS at 8 and 10. MATINEES at 2 and 5. ROTHER GOOSE. BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st St. F. W. FRITZ SCHEFF. NEW YORK EVERETT, 515, Mat. Wed. & Sat. 10c., 15c., 20c. BERTHA GALLAND. 100th St. DAVID DELACROIX. Next 7 days. 10c. to 25c. DALY'S. A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE. VICTORIA, FRANK DANIELS. 133, B'way, 7th Fl. IN THE OFFICE BOX. LAST 3 WEEKS. CIRCLE. Grand Opera, O'Brien & Havel. REDDIE & ARTHUR. KROGGH & HAY. 41st St. 10c. to 25c. MAJESTIC. BABES IN TOYLAND. Daily. Mat. Dur. School Holidays. 10c. to 25c. DEWEY. THE WINE OF THE DAY. DEWEY. JAMES J. JEFFRIES. At 8:00 P.M. Sunday Night—Grand Concert—5c. to 50c. Grand FRANCIS WILSON. Singers—ERINNE. WEBER & FIELDS' HALL. 10th St. 10c. to 25c. BELASCO. Theatre, 4th St. 10c. to 25c. CROSMAN. SWEET KITTY BELLAIR. Manhattan. CHARLES RICHMAN. CAPT. BARRINGTON. COMEDY. Broadway, 5th St. VAUDEVILLE. Mat. Daily. Green Trading Stamps. MINER'S. Mat. Tues. 7c. to 10c. RICE & BARTON. 10th St. 10c. to 25c. MURPHY. Hill Top. Loc. av. & 42d St. 10c. to 25c. KEITH'S. 14th St. 10c. to 25c. HURTIG & SEAMON'S. Hyde's Comedians. SUNDAY NIGHT. 3 J. Av. Mat. 7c. to 10c. N. Y. City. N. Y. City. N. Y. City.

Solve the Simple Cipher in This Story and Win Some of the \$500 for Xmas Money.

A SIMPLE, easy cipher will be found in one of the twelve chapters of "The Girl in Blue." You are expected to solve that cipher and write the solution in the blank given below. The cipher in question was not the one given in the first installment, but is the cryptogram which appears in the eighth chapter. In other chapters besides that which contains the cipher hints as to its solution will be scattered. In the eleventh chapter, for instance, occurs a sentence which contains the first eight words of the twenty-three words comprising the translation of the cryptogram. So it is necessary for the reader to follow the entire story.

There are many ciphers in existence, but the one which competitors are here shown consists of the using of figures for letters. Four words will be given as a star in the key, and the other letters of the alphabet not found in these words will follow. By the exercise of a little thought and ingenuity the cipher may be readily translated. The story will end on Saturday, Dec. 19, and answers will be received up to noon of Monday, Dec. 21. Fill out this blank and send it to "Girl in Blue Editor of Evening World, P. O. Box 184, New York City."

SENDER'S NAME.....	SENDER'S ADDRESS.....
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OPIE READ TALKS TO MONEY KINGS

Distinguished Western Writer Beards Morgan and Dill in Their Lairs and Notes Their Peculiarities in Dealing with Big Events.

BY OPIE READ, Author of "A Kentucky Colonel," "A Tennessee Judge," "The Jacklins," "The Starbuck," &c.

ARTICLE III.

IGNORANCE may not be dazzled by wisdom, but over poverty there is cast a spell when it is permitted to gaze upon countless wealth. The bellowers and groaners of the Stock Exchange are but the loud splashers in the seething waters; the causes of the choppy tides for the most part lie hidden from the admiration or the reproach of the public eye. And to common sense, when it halts to think and to know, nothing is more uninteresting than the average millionaire.

In Wall street, however, the average millionaire is interesting, because he is uncertain. His qualities are not settled enough to become stale. He is not, like the typical banker of the town of 25,000 inhabitants, difficult to approach when once you have got into his room and shut the door. Morgan is easy to entertain when you convince him that escape is hopeless. In that powerful voice whose tremulousness has raised into goose-flesh the smoothest of skin there is a plaintive and pathetic note, and the hand that may crush is not devoid of a gentle touch. He takes one into his confidence to the extent of silently saying, "There, now, please tell me what I cannot possibly do for you and run along."

His intimates say that he has a warm and most kindly heart, and the estimate of a friend as to the quality of generosity is worth more than the observation of a thousand strangers.

"Mr. Morgan, doubtless I have something that may interest you," said I, and out of the deep basement of his echoing voice came the thrilling words, "Nothing doing."

"Ah, sir, but I come with a new scheme." And upon me he turned that marvelous eye camera, catching the weak spots in man, and not without a certain music in his tone he replied, "All out."

The lenses of his countenance glowed with a new and kindly effulgence.

MORGAN RUBBED HIS BIG HANDS.

you know how we sometimes feel in the presence of unexpected company. And he had not looked forward to a call from me. The fact is, he did not know that I had arrived from Paris. Doubtless he thought that I was still in the Latin Quarter. So he rubbed his hands and after a time moved out from any constraint that I might have put upon him. At this moment it seemed that the occasion demanded something poetic, and I began, "I may be poor now, sir, but when my ship comes sailing in I'll—"

"Whist," he whispered, and respecting his emotion my voice sank into soft and downy silence. But in the presence of greatness it is not man's province to remain silent. He thinks that to be entertaining he must continue to talk.

"But my scheme," said I. "You have not grasped it." They have said that great financiers are materialistic, that in their hearts they hold not the sweet memories of Italian sunsets, but they do, they certainly must, for, as it dwelling fondly upon the past, he wistfully replied: "Shoot it off."

"Ah, and I think thee, King Agrippa, that I am permitted to speak for myself. I have a gold mine in Montana, and last year—"

"Last year," he broke in, "you took out \$750,000."

"Yes," I cried, almost breathless.

"But you put it all back to encourage the mine."

"Some one must have told you," I exclaimed.

"You had a two-stamp mill, and now you want to put in a thirty-stamp. You don't want to sell out. Oh, far be it from you! What you want is to raise money enough to prove to the mine that it is still worthy of esteem. You want a million dollars. You shall have it. Go home, and I'll send it by wireless telegraph."

"Is that possible?" he inquired, rubbing his hands until the generated warmth made me feel quite at home. But he seemed just a little embarrassed—not frightened, but in the presence of unexpected company.

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DILL TALKS LIKE A REAL STATESMAN.

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